Numb. CCCL

The SPECTATOR.

Possint ut Juvenes visere fervidi
Multo non sine risu,
Dilapsam in cineres facem. Hor.

Thursday, February 14. 1712.

E are generally so much pleased with any little Accomplishments, either of Body or Mind, which have once made us remarkable in the World, that we endeavour to our selves it is not in the Power of Time to them. We are eternally pursuing the same which first procured us the Applauses of Man- is from this Notion that an Author writes he is come to Dotage; without ever con- that his Memory is impair'd, and that he has Life, and those Spirits, which formerly Fancy, and fired his Imagination. The hinders a Man from submitting his Be- his Age, and makes *Clodius*, who was a Dancer at Five and twenty, still love to a Minuet, tho' he is past Threescore. It a word, which fills the Town with el- , and superannuated Coquets.

a Lady of this latter Species, passed by day in her Coach. *Canidia* was an haughty the last Age, and was followed by Crowds , whose Passions only pleased her, as they Opportunities of playing the Tyrant. contracted that awful Cast of the Eye bidding Frown, which she has not yet laid has still all the Insolence of Beauty with- Charms. If she now attracts the Eyes of holders, it is only by being remarkably ridi- ; even her own Sex laugh at her Affectation; Men, who always enjoy an ill-natured Plea- seeing an imperious Beauty humbled and , regard her with the same Satisfaction a free Nation sees a Tyrant in Disgrace.

ILL HONEYCOMB, who is a great Admirer Gallantries in King *Charles* the Second's Reign, communicated to me a Letter written by a of that Age to his Mistress, who, it seems, a Lady of *Canidia*'s Humour; and tho' I do approve of my Friend WILL's Taste, this Letter so well, that I took a Copy of which I shall here present my Reader.

To CLOE.

Madam,

SINCE my waking Thoughts have never been able to influence you in my Favour, I am resolved to try whether my Dreams can make any Impression on you. To this end I shall give you Account of a very odd one which my Fancy presented me last Night, within a few Hours after I left you.

'Methought I was unaccountably conveyed into the most delicious Place mine Eyes ever beheld, it was a large Valley divided by a River of the purest Water I had ever seen. The Ground on each side of it rose by an easie Ascent, and was cover'd with Flowers of an infinite Variety, which as they were reflected in the Water, doubled the Beauties of the Place, or rather formed an Imaginary Scene more beautiful than the real. On each side of the River was a Range of lofty Trees, whose Boughs were loaden with almost as many Birds as Leaves. Every Tree was full of Harmony.

'I had not gone far in this pleasant Valley, when I perceived that it was terminated by a most magnificent Temple. The Structure was ancient, and Regular. On the Top of it was figured the God *Saturn*, in the same Shape and Dress that the Poets usually represent *Time*.

'As I was advancing to satisfie my Curiosity by a nearer View, I was stopped by an Object far more beautiful than any I had before discovered in the whole Place. I fancy, Madam, you will easily guess, that this could hardly be any thing but your self; in reality it was so; you lay extended on the Flowers by the side of the River, so that your Hands, which were thrown in a negligent Posture, almost touched the Water. Your Eyes were closed; but if your Sleep deprived me of the Satisfaction of seeing them, it left me at leasure to contemplate several other Charms, which disappear when your Eyes are open. I could not but admire the Tranquility you slept in, especially when I considered the Uneasiness you produce in so many others.

'While I was wholly taken up in these Reflections, the Doors of the Temple flew open, with a very great Noise; and lifting up my Eyes, I saw two Figures, in Human Shape, coming into the Valley. Upon a nearer Survey, I found them to be YOUTH and LOVE. The First was encircled with a kind of Purple Light, that spread a Glory over all the Place; the other held a flaming Torch in his Hand. I could observe, that all the way as they came towards us, the Colours of the Flowers appeared more lively; the Trees shot out in Blossoms, the Birds threw themselves into Pairs, and Serenaded them as they passed: The whole Face of Nature glowed with new Beauties. They were no sooner arrived at the Place where you lay, when they seated themselves on each Side of you. On their Approach, me-

'thought

'thought I saw a new Bloom arise in your Face, 'and new Charms diffuse themselves over your 'whole Person. You appeared more than Mortal; 'but, to my great Surprise, continued fast asleep, 'tho' the two Deities made several gentle Efforts 'to awaken you.

'After a short time, YOUTH (displaying a 'Pair of Wings, which I had not before taken no-'tice of,) flew off. LOVE still remained, and 'holding the Torch which he had in his Hand be-'fore your Face, you still appeared as beautiful as 'ever. The glaring of the Light in your Eyes at 'length awaken'd you, when, to my great Surprise, 'instead of acknowledging the Favour of the Dei-'ty, you frowned upon him, and struck the Torch 'out of his Hand into the River. The God, after 'having regarded you with a Look that spoke at 'the same time his Pity and Displeasure, flew a-'way. Immediately a kind of Gloom overspread 'the whole Place. At the same time I saw an hi-'deous Spectre enter at one end of the Valley. His 'Eyes were sunk into his Head, his Face was pale 'and withered, and his Skin puckered up in Wri-'nkles. As he walked on the sides of the Bank the 'River froze, the Flowers faded, the Trees shed 'their Blossoms, the Birds dropp'd from off the 'Boughs, and fell dead at his Feet. By these Marks 'I knew him to be OLD AGE: You were seized 'with the utmost Horror and Amazement at his 'Approach. You endeavoured to have fled, but the 'Phantome caught you in his Arms. You may 'easily guess at the Change you suffered in this Em-'brace. For my own Part, tho' I am still too full 'of the dreadful Idea, I will not Shock you with 'a Description of it: I was so startled at the Sight 'that my Sleep immediately left me, and I found 'my self awake, at leasure to consider of a Dream 'which seems too extraordinary to be without a 'Meaning. I am, Madam, with the greatest Pas-'sion,

Your most Obedient,

most Humble Servant, &c.

ERRATA, in the last Tuesdays *Paper, in the fourth Line of the Motto, for* suum *read* tuum. *Col.* 2. *line* 32. *for* considerable Fortune *read* great Fortune. *Col.* 3. *line* 24. *for* at a Ball *read* in a Ball.

The First and Second Volumes of the SPECTATOR *in* 8vo *are now ready to be delivered to the Subscribers, by* J. Tonson *at* Shakespear's *Head over-against* Catherine-street *in the* Strand.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

At the Desire of several Ladies of Quality.

By Her Majesty's Company of Comedians,

AT the Theatre Royal in Drury-Lane this pre-sent Thursday, the 14th Day of February, will be presented a Comedy call'd, *As you* Th*ou*ld, with the Addition of a new Act only, call'd, The Country Wake. By Her Majesty's Command no Persons are to be admitted behind the Scenes.

AT the Queen's Theatre in the Hay-Mar-ket, on Saturday next, the 16th of February, will be presented a Play call'd, Antiochus. The Boxes 5 s. Pit 3 s. First Gallery 2 s. 6 d. Upper Gallery 2 s. Boxes upon the Stage half a Crown. To begin exactly at Five. No Person to stand on the Stage.

There will speedily be Published,

A Satyr against Plain Truth, with Directions where Lies are to be had. By the Author of the Satyr against Truth, with Directions where Good is to be had. As likewise a Satyr against Light (at the Request of the Link-Boys of London and Westminster,) with some Reflections upon the Sun and Moon.

Just Published,

A very neat Pocket Edition of the SPECTATOR in 4 Volumes, 12mo. Printed for S. Buckley at the Dolphin in Little Britain, and J. Tonson at Shakespear's Head over-against Catherine-street in the Strand.

A Print of the Right Honourable John Lord Somers Baron of Evesham, Engraved from a Painting by Sir Godfrey Kneller, by George Vertue. Printed for Jacob Tonson at Shakespear's Head over-against Catherine-street in the Strand.

The Ladies that call'd at Mr. Charles Lillie's at the Corner of Beauford Buildings, in a Hackney Coach on Monday Night, the 6th of this Instant, about 10 a Clock, are desired to know where to direct to them, he having heard of something to their Advantage.

The Magisterial Gout Pills and Tincture, which infallibly give ease, in the most Raging Fits, by gently purging the Peccant Matter, and Wonderfully Relieving the Tortured Nerves. The said Pills and Tincture have a most Sovereign Effect in Curing Rheumatisms. Prepar'd only by T. Moffett, Chymist at the Pestle and Mortar, on Clerkenwell-Green. Where they are to be Sold, (and have been for above 20 Years) the Famous Cephalick Snuff to prevent Miscarriages.

To be Sold by Auction this Day at a House on the corner of Duke-street in Great-Russel-street, Bloomsbury, over against Montagu house; all sorts of Household Goods, several fine Glass and Chimney Glasses and Sconces, a very fine right India Carpet, Plate, Gold Watches, fine large Pieces of China, and Gold Turky, and Vigo Carpets, and other curious things, one Table-carpet with Gold and Silver Grounds, a Case of Bottles of perfumed Spirits, a parcel of very fine curious Paintings of the best Masters, a very fine large Piece done at Rome. The Goods to be viewed the Morning before the Sale, which begins at 10 a Clock. The Goods of a Gentleman lately Deceased, N. B. Catalogues may be got ready, which occasioned the Sale to be put off at this time.

A Collection of Pictures, lately brought from beyond Sea by a Gentleman in his Travels, of Raphael, Michael Angelo Nic. Poussine, Luca, Jordans, Rubens, Tenniers, with other Italian and Dutch Masters, several of which were of the Elector of Bavaria's, will be exposed to view this Day, and to be Sold by Auction on Monday the 15th Instant, the Sale to begin at 10 in the Forenoon, at Mr. Pellisier's, a new House next the White-sheaf, the upper end of Henrietta-Street, Covent Garden; where Catalogues may be had, and at Mr. Cooper's at the three Pidgeons in Hall-Moon-street.

At Richmond in Surry, the House of the late Earl of Haversham is to be Let, Furnished or Unfurnished, or the Lease to be Sold, with or without Furniture; the Offices are very convenient, there is a pleasant Garden well planted with Wall Fruit, coach-houses and Stable for six Horses. Enquire at Mr. Appley's in Surgery lane, or at Mr. Jollies at the Black Lyon in St. Paul's Church-yard, or at the House at Richmond.

This Chrystal Cosmetick approv'd of by the worshipful Paul Chamberline, (viz.) By washing Morning or Evening all red Faces proceeding from what Cause soever, it takes away Shewes, Pimples and Freckles; it's of a soft Nature, clearing and adorning the Face and Hands of both Sexes in a very Beautiful manner; and may be used with as much safety as Milk, having no Mercury (so frequently made use of) or any other things that are prejudicial to the Body, being the best of this Nature ever yet known. Price of the larger Bottle six Shillings, the lesser three. Sold at Mr. Allcroft's over against the Royal Exchange, Mr. Jackson's the Corner of Wood-street, Cheapside; formerly at the Comb, but now removed to the Seven Stars under St. Dunstan's Church, Fleet-Street; Mr. Bracknock's at the upper end of Bond-street, Piccadilly. Note, to prevent Counterfeits, each Bottle is Sealed with Directions is tied and sealed with this Coat of Arms, viz. Vert a Fret with a Lion Rampant on a Canton.

LONDON: Printed for *Sam. Buckley*, at the *Dolphin* in *Little-Britain*; Sold by *A. Baldwin* in *Warwick-Lane*; where Advertisements are taken in, as also by *Charles Lillie*, Perfumer, at the Corner of *Beauford-Buildings* in the *Strand*.